1 I thus, and thus: if this will not ſerue, *He ſtabs him.*
Ile chop thee in the malmeſey But in the next roome.
2 A bloudy deede, and deſperately perſormd,
How faine like Pilate would I waſh my hand,
Of this moſt greeuous guiltie murder done.
1 Why doeſt thou not helpe me?
By heauens the Duke ſhall know how ſlacke thou art.
2 I would he knew that I had ſaued his brother.
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I ſay,
For I repent me that the Duke is ſlaine. *Exit.*
1 So do not I, go coward as thou art:
Now muſt I hide his body in ſome hole,
Vntill the Duke take order for his buriall:
And when I haue my meede I muſt away,
For this will out, and here I muſt not ſtay. *Exeunt*

Enter King, Queene, Haſtings, Ryuers, Dorcet, &c.

Kin. So, now I haue done a good dayes worke,
You peeres continue this vnited league,
I euerie day expect an Embaſſage
From my redeemer, to redeeme me hence:
And now in peace my ſoule ſhall part from heauen,
Since I haue ſet my friends at peace on earth:
Riuers and Haſtings, take each others hand,
Diſſemble not your hatred, ſweare your loue.
Riu. By heauen, my heart is purgd from grudging hate,
And with my hand I ſeale my true hearts loue.
Haſt. So thriue I as I truely ſweare the like.
Kin. Take heede you dally not before your King,
Leaſt he that is the ſupreme King of Kings,
Confound your hidden falſhood, and d award
Either of you to be the others end.
Haſt. So proſper I, as I ſweare perfect loue.
Riu. And I as I loue Haſtings with my heart.
Kin. Madame, your ſelfe are not exempt in this,
Nor your ſonne Dorſet, Buckingham, nor you,
You haue beene factious one againſt the other:
Wife, loue Lo: Haſtings, let him kiſſe your hand,
And what you do, do it vnfainedly.
Q. Here Haſtings, I will neuer more remember Our

Our former hatred ſo thriue I and mine.
Dor. Thus enterchange of loue, I here proteſt,
Vpon my part ſhall be vnuiolable.
Haſt. And ſo ſweare I my Lord.
Kin. Now Princely Buckingham ſeale thou this league,
With thy embracements to my wiues allies,
And make me happie in your vnitie.
Buc. When euer Buckingham doth turne his hate,
On you, or yours, but with all dutious loue
Doth cheriſh you and yours, God puniſh me
With hate, in thoſe where I expect moſt loue,
When I haue moſt need to imploy a friend,
And moſt aſſured that he is a friend,
Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile
Be he vnto me. This do I begge of God,
When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.
Kin. A pleaſing cordiall princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow vnto my ſickly heart:
There wanteth now our brother Gloceſter here,
To make the perfect period of this peace. *Enter Gloceſter.*
Buc. And in good time, here comes the noble Duke
Glo. Good morrow to my ſoueraigne King & Queene,
And princely Peeres, a happie time of day.
Kin. Happie indeede, as we haue ſpent the day:
Brother, we haue done deedes of charitie:
Made peace of enmitie, faire loue of hate,
Betweene theſe ſwelling wrong inſenced Peeres.
Glo. A bleſſed labour my moſt ſoueraigne liege,
Amongſt this princely heape, if any here
By falſe intelligence, or wrong ſurmiſe,
Hold me a foe, if I vnwittingly, or in my rage,
Haue ought committed that is hardly borne
By any in this preſence, I deſire
To reconcile me to this friendly peace,
T'is death to me to be at enmitie.
I hate it, and deſire all good mens loue.
Firſt, Madame, I intreate true peace of you,
Which I will purchaſe with my dutious ſeruice.

Of